

# THE MAINE FARMER

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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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No. 1.

## Maine Farmer.

The key to success in the keeping of live stock is to keep no more than can be well cared for. This applies alike to all kinds of domestic animal.

Spread the manure when taken to the field. Piling manure in the field, thus necessitating a second handling, is a waste of labor as a rule. The farmer must study to economize labor.

Keep the teams and the men at work on the farm as long as the ground holds open. There is always some work, some job, some improvement awaiting to be done. The owner of a farm never should conclude that his work "is all done up."

A cheese making outfit has recently been purchased of a Chicago firm by Mr. C. C. Nichols, Foxcroft, the enterprising proprietor of Riverside Creamery. Piscataquis county is getting to be an important dairy section.

A man once said to me: "I hate a hog; I would go as far to kick a hog as John Randolph said he would to kick a sheep." While the hog is a sure mortgage lifter, he never lifts it for a kicker of hogs. Such a man better leave hogs out of his farm economy.—Theodore Lewis.

The Massachusetts legislature asks Congress for \$100,000 to aid in exterminating the gypsy moth. Certainly this is a matter of general importance, and by no means confined to the State of Massachusetts. That State has already expended some two hundred thousand dollars in the work, and while it has not yet exterminated the pest, yet it has kept it in narrow limits, thus preventing a general extension.

The Cadet for October gives the number in the Freshman class, State College, Maine, this term, as thirty-eight. Twenty-one of these take the Engineering course; Chemistry two, seven are undecided, and eight take Specials. So one has decided to take the full course in Agriculture. It is probable, however, there will be a large class to take the Short Course in Agriculture to open in December.

A new volume of the Farmer commences with the present number. This is always a reminder of the flight of time. A year passes quickly by to make room for another. Yet neither time nor papers grow old. Each volume, as each year, is always new, ever fresh. So the Farmer enters upon its LXII volume the better prepared from its years of experience to meet the wants and carry instruction to its many readers. Avoiding the sensational and the unreliable, it will continue to carry to its readers the best practice in farm economy, and the latest developments in applied science. Thus will its relations with its readers continue both pleasant and profitable.

In his annual address at the late meeting of the California State Grange, the Master Davis said: "The Grange is an ephemeral organization. It teaches that half a truth is not enough, but that truth beareth away the victory. It teaches that factiousness is weakness and that intelligence is strength; that being is better than being, and that human happiness is the acme of all earthly ambition; that no one is so large and wise that he may not err, and that of its members so unimportant that their opinions must be ignored. The Grange has a definite policy, tersely expressed in the declaration of purposes: 'In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.'"

At last we have the completed report of the thirty-day butter test at the World's Fair between the three breeds, Jerseys, Guernseys and Shorthorns, which have been under trial the past summer. We have not cared to occupy space in the Farmer with any record of progress, preferring rather to wait till the official report of the work was made, and then give it all in the same connection. We surrender large space to this report in this initial number of the new volume, and every dairyman will find it of interest, and will wish to give it careful examination in detail.

It will be remembered that in the fifteen-days cheese trial in May the Jersey cows led in production; also that in the ninety-days butter test following the same breed of cows excelled in quantity of product made, and also in profit on the same. But there were many technical details about this trial that farmers in general do not and cannot well take into account.

Results of The Columbian Thirty-Day Butter Test.									
Name.	Breed.	Owner.	Milk—lbs.	Butter fat—lbs.	Cracked butter—lbs.	Value of butter.	Cost of food.	Net profit.	
1. Brown Bessie.	Jersey.	C. I. Hood.	1,134.6	69.15	72.235	\$33.271	\$8.574	\$24.697	
2. Merry Maiden.	Jersey.	O. C. T. Graves.	965.	64.65	66.695	30.721	7.618	23.103	
3. Kitty Clay, 4th.	Jersey.	R. J. Innes.	1,092.9	61.98	62.443	28.227	8.492	20.035	
4. Stoke Parris Regina.	Jersey.	Billings Farm.	1,012.2	49.39	60.268	27.765	8.189	19.576	
5. Purty.	Guernsey.	G. Howard Davison.	1,060.7	45.28	54.804	24.964	6.577	18.387	
6. Carmo.	Jersey.	N. K. Fairbank.	922.3	45.37	54.94	25.009	6.111	18.898	
7. Ida Margold.	Jersey.	C. A. Sweet.	985.8	48.6	59.367	27.338	8.453	18.885	
8. Shoba Rex.	Jersey.	T. A. Havermyer.	1,004.3	47.12	57.511	26.491	7.92	18.571	
9. Vesta's Valencia.	Guernsey.	A. J. Cassatt.	985.7	43.33	52.471	23.893	5.651	18.242	
10. Sweet Ada.	Jersey.	John M. Eldry.	986.2	45.88	55.542	25.296	7.082	18.214	
11. Cupid's Jersey Maid.	Jersey.	C. S. Dole.	1,029.7	45.21	53.163	25.408	7.484	17.924	
12. Romp's Princess.	"	C. A. Sweet.	704.7	42.08	51.357	23.682	5.897	17.785	
13. Flora Temple, 3d.	"	F. Bryson.	923.6	45.1	55.068	25.355	7.7	17.655	
14. Baroness Argyle.	"	S. H. Houty.	923.3	46.05	50.215	22.897	8.207	17.483	
15. Materna.	Guernsey.	N. K. Fairbank.	1,058.4	45.16	54.684	24.963	7.36	17.543	
16. Select, 8th.	"	Francis Shaw.	866.6	44.63	54.045	24.606	7.067	17.539	
17. Exile's Lulu.	Jersey.	C. I. Hood.	988.4	44.26	54.017	24.897	7.422	17.475	
18. Katherine of Pittsford.	Guernsey.	Pittsford Farm.	1,062.3	44.33	54.107	24.923	7.66	17.263	
19. Duchess of Orleans.	Jersey.	Francis Shaw.	1,044.3	41.85	50.711	23.963	5.979	17.116	
20. Hugo Countess.	Jersey.	D. L. Heinemann.	684.2	39.44	48.712	22.169	5.209	16.96	
21. Maria.	Guernsey.	Walter Cutting.	1,014.6	39.26	47.549	21.647	5.717	15.93	
22. Lily Lenox.	Jersey.	C. I. Hood.	714.9	39.05	47.699	21.946	6.143	15.803	
23. Signal Queen.	Jersey.	Frank Eng.	944.5	42.3	51.522	23.738	8.001	15.737	
24. Bashful, 2d.	Jersey.	William Miller.	971.3	38.83	47.474	21.359	6.264	15.095	
25. Sayla, 3d.	Jersey.	E. Brewer.	843.6	39.18	47.825	22.209	6.706	15.503	
26. Ethics of Cornwall.	Guernsey.	G. Howard Davison.	935.4	39.56	47.917	21.519	6.226	15.293	
27. Kitty Clay, 5th.	Jersey.	J. R. Innes.	1,250.6	42.07	50.15	22.368	7.74	15.528	
28. Waterloo Daisy.	Guernsey.	F. Martindale.	1,199.1	40.06	47.774	21.894	7.277	14.617	
29. Rosette, 8th.	Jersey.	Levi P. Morton.	904.3	37.89	46.859	20.836	6.234	14.604	
30. Nora.	Jersey.	Dan's Sheehan & Sons.	1,037.2	39.57	47.197	21.631	7.226	14.405	
31. Aldine.	Guernsey.	Herz Michener.	767.8	36.53	44.245	20.15	6.13	14.02	
32. Lady of Elmslie.	Jersey.	H. Wright.	1,048.8	37.36	44.515	20.396	6.895	13.501	
33. Genevieve.	Guernsey.	Levi P. Morton.	1,058.3	34.21	41.439	18.87	5.508	13.362	
34. Amanda.	Jersey.	W. W. Martine.	1,071.3	36.77	43.883	20.097	6.988	13.116	
35. Belle Frie.	Jersey.	W. W. Martine.	947.6	37.79	40.931	18.643	6.852	12.784	
36. Betsy, 7th.	Jersey.	Flora V. Spencer.	948.8	35.09	41.817	19.167	6.443	12.724	
37. Kitty Clay, 6th.	Jersey.	Flora V. Spencer.	831.5	42.45	49.455	21.425	6.468	12.957	
38. Princess Aster, 2d.	Guernsey.	Flora V. Spencer.	926.9	34.49	41.101	18.836	6.236	12.6	
39. Belle Frie, 2d.	Jersey.	Hopewell Bros.	856.8	34.39	41.446	18.964	6.569	12.695	
40. Vervain.	Jersey.	Dan's Sheehan & Sons.	1,090.6	35.4	42.168	19.323	7.18	12.143	
41. Vervain.	Jersey.	Pa. Reform School.	1,093.6	35.96	40.476	18.645	6.559	11.986	
42. Rosette, 9th.	Jersey.	Levi P. Morton.	909.1	37.37	47.025	20.648	6.458	11.665	
43. Fair Maid of Hulet, 2d.	Jersey.	William Grainger.	884.9	32.81	39.117	17.931	6.392	11.539	
44. Lucy Ann.	"	Flora V. Spencer.	788.7	30.51	36.366	16.968	7.031	9.637	
45. Rosa.	"	Pa. Reform School.	923.6	30.20	36.974	16.482	6.948	9.534	

The kinds of food material used in this test is a matter of interest. We give in the following table the kind and amount consumed by each group of fifteen cows for the thirty days, and the cost of the same at Chicago where they were fed:

AMOUNT CONSUMED		AMOUNT PRODUCED	
Milk—lbs.	1,134.6	Butter fat—lbs.	69.15
Butter fat—lbs.	69.15	Cracked butter—lbs.	72.235
Butter—lbs.	72.235	Value of butter.	\$33.271
Hay—lbs.	1,012.2	Cost of food.	\$8.574
Hay—value.	1,012.2	Net profit.	\$24.697
Silage—lbs.	1,012.2		
Silage—value.	1,012.2		
Cotton seed—lbs.	1,012.2		
Cotton seed—value.	1,012.2		
Oil meal—lbs.	1,012.2		
Oil meal—value.	1,012.2		
Brass—lbs.	1,012.2		
Brass—value.	1,012.2		
Oats—lbs.	1,012.2		
Oats—value.	1,012.2		
Corn hearts—lbs.	1,012.2		
Corn hearts—value.	1,012.2		
Middlings—lbs.	1,012.2		
Middlings—value.	1,012.2		
Grano-gluten—lbs.	1,012.2		
Grano-gluten—value.	1,012.2		
Corn meal—lbs.	1,012.2		
Corn meal—value.	1,012.2		
Carrots—lbs.	1,012.2		
Carrots—value.	1,012.2		
Old hay—lbs.	1,012.2		
Old hay—value.	1,012.2		
Value butter.	1,012.2		
Cost of food.	1,012.2		
Net profit.	1,012.2		

Guernseys, and \$55.21 more than the Shorthorns.

Special awards were offered, to be determined by the performance of cows for the first fifteen days in each of the three tests, and the fifteen-day cheese test, the ninety-day and the thirty-day butter tests. That is, the sum of the net profits shown by each cow for the first fifteen days of each test governed these awards. Specials were also offered for the best cow in each breed, the best cow of any breed, the best five cows in each breed, the best five cows of any breed, and the best breed. The following are the awards:

Best cow of any breed—Merry Maiden, Jersey.

Best Jersey cow—Merry Maiden.

Best five Jersey cows—Merry Maiden, Brown Bessie, Ida Margold, Baroness Argyle, Hugo Countess, in the order named.

Best Guernsey cow—Sweet Ada.

Best five Guernseys—Sweet Ada, Materna, Select 8th, Amanda, Ethics of Cornwall, in the order named.

Best Shorthorn cow—Nora.

Best five Shorthorns—Nora, Genevieve, Betsy 7th, Bashful 2d, Waterloo Daisy, in the order named.

Best five cows of any breed—Merry Maiden, Brown Bessie, Ida Margold, Baroness Argyle, Hugo Countess (Jerseys).

Best breed—Jerseys.

There were twenty-six cows which went through the three tests, and their comparative rank, judged by the net profits they showed for the first fifteen days of each test, is as follows:

Net Profit	
No. 1. Merry Maiden, Jersey.	\$31.65
No. 2. Brown Bessie, Jersey.	29.466
No. 3. Ida Margold, Jersey.	27.482
No. 4. Baroness Argyle, Jersey.	26.473
No. 5. Hugo Countess, Jersey.	25.576
No. 6. Shoba Rex, Jersey.	25.576
No. 7. Sweet Ada, Guernsey.	25.576
No. 8. Materna, Guernsey.	24.017
No. 9. Select 8th, Guernsey.	24.01
No. 10. Flora Temple, 3d, Jersey.	23.763
No. 11. Nora, Shorthorn.	23.763
No. 12. Exile's Lulu, Jersey.	24.545
No. 13. Signal Queen, Jersey.	23.763
No. 14. Amanda, Guernsey.	22.225
No. 15. Genevieve, Shorthorn.	20.728
No. 16. Ethics of Cornwall, Guernsey.	21.27
No. 17. Sayla, 3d, Jersey.	20.823
No. 18. Betsy 7th, Shorthorn.	17.937
No. 19. Bashful 2d, Shorthorn.	20.413
No. 20. Waterloo Daisy, Shorthorn.	19.062
No. 21. Lady of Elmslie, Guernsey.	17.937
No. 22. Kitty Clay 7th, Shorthorn.	16.715
No. 23. Aldine, Guernsey.	14.965
No. 24. Belle Frie, Shorthorn.	15.3
No. 25. Rosa, Shorthorn.	13.527
No. 26. Lucy Ann, Shorthorn.	12.918

One of the Farmers' Institutes for Cumberland county was held at Gorham, Tuesday, Oct. 31st, in Grange Hall.

Secretary B. Walker McKee of the Board of Agriculture was present. In the forenoon, W. H. Vinton, Esq., of Gray, was to have spoken of sheep husbandry, but the attendance did not begin until the afternoon meeting, so Mr. Vinton's part was put over. In the afternoon, Professor Balentine of the Experiment Station at the State College, spoke on special fertilizers. The speaker said he had just returned from the West, where he had attended the Farmers' Congress, and been among the farmers. From his observation, he believed that the farmers of Maine could do a more profitable business than those in the West. Times were less hard with our farmers than those in the West. It was true that the Western farmers cultivated larger areas, and had a more extensive line of machinery. In Aroostook county it is true that our farmers have good machinery for potato cultivation, using machines by which one man may plant five or six acres of land with the fertilizers in a day. They are also using potato diggers in Aroostook. But in general, they are ahead of us in the matter of machinery in the West. Our farmers ought to give more attention to this machinery question.

The ordinary manures should not be neglected, but commercial fertilizers can be used to great advantage if the right kind is used. The lands vary greatly in what they need. Some do not respond to potash manures. For instance, heavy clay lands do not need the potash, and respond better to the phosphoric acids. The farmer must study his land and find its needs. Let him take a small plot of land and divide it up into little plots. Use on one plot the nitrogenous fertilizers, upon another the phosphoric, another the potash, etc. As a rule for crops planted in a hill, some fertilizer should be put in the hill.

The commercial fertilizer has two offices. One to start the crop and another to feed it through the season. Thus, the fertilizer must be readily soluble to give the crop its start. The superphosphate does well to give this first start. Then there should be more of the fertilizer scattered out for the roots to use, after the plant has progressed beyond the early stages. For this second stage a phosphate less quickly soluble will be cheaper, and probably will do as well.

The effect of fertilizers will depend not only upon the soil, but also upon the nature of the crop to be raised. A fertilizer that will do well for barley will fail on wheat; potatoes have peculiarities of their own. Prof. Balentine gave an account of several of his experiments which have demonstrated this.

In his opinion, the farmers ought to pay more attention to the study of these peculiarities, in order that the right fertilizer may be used in each case.

The pea, barley and turnip will take insoluble phosphoric acid (crude phosphate) in good shape.

Returning to the subject of machinery, Prof. Balentine said much money now paid for help could be saved by machinery, especially by haying machinery. If he had a large farm he would have a hay loader, which will save the labor of three men in the field. It takes the hay from the swath or from the windrow, and piles it onto the cart as fast as a man can take care of it.

A commercial fertilizer can be used on the hay crop to good advantage. Prof. Balentine said he could not use barn manure at \$3 a cord profitably when he could get commercial fertilizers at their present prices.

In the evening, Prof. Jordan of the State College gave an interesting lecture on "The Subject of Foods."

He said that the fundamental consideration for any people is the right development of men and women. Our standards of prosperity are wrong to a great extent, as much as they assume a man's occupation to be the first consideration, and the man himself of less importance.

This is to some degree seen in the development of the modern idea of education, in which the preparation for a business career seems to take precedence over the development of the intellectual and spiritual faculties. In man's development, physical conditions are primary and fundamental. This fact is very much overlooked in the anxieties of parents for the intellectual and moral welfare of their children. In the means and appliances for training in our schools and colleges, also, this fact has no adequate recognition. Systematic physical training is not the least important factor in the building up process undertaken at colleges.

Physical man is the product of breeding, food and environment. Food plays a more important part than we realize. The bodies of brutes may be very materially modified by food, as experiment has shown. The same is true of man, for he is an animal. Nevertheless, we have paid much more attention, in the way of systematic study, to the feeding of brutes than to the feeding of man.

The human food question has vast importance. Its right use largely determines what we are physically; it demands 50 to 60 per cent. of the earnings of laborers to supply it to their families, and it occupies a large share of the time of the housewife.

The average human body of 148 pounds contains 90 pounds of water, 58 pounds of dry matter made up of 26.6 pounds of protein, 23.1 pounds of fat, .1 pound of sugar and 8.3 pounds of ash. These compounds are manufactured from the food. The human body is also a machine. The laboring man's body performs in one day 7,000,000 foot pounds of work. The energy performing this work comes from the food. The economical use of food and health require a proper balance of constituents, 4.4 ounces of protein, 4.4 ounces of fat and 18 ounces of sugar and starch should support a laboring man one day.

Americans eat proportionately too little protein and excessively of fat and sugar and starch.

The dietary of New England laborers has been found to be 5.1 ounces of protein, 8 ounces of fat and 22.2 ounces of starch and sugar. Children who form the candy habit and who lunch freely on cake are abused as one would not dare to abuse brutes if we expect satisfactory results.

More of fruit, the grains in their natural condition with animal food moderately added, with cake and pastry more largely omitted, would be a great improvement. We are now more luxurious in our eating than in any other department of our lives.

In the purchase of foods, edible dry matter is the primary consideration. The water of foods has no special value. In buying foods we ponder to an over-indulged appetite rather than considering economy. This table shows the relative cost of edible dry matter in several foods: Oysters, \$1.55 per pound; lobsters, \$1.16 per pound; salmon, \$1.00 per pound; turkey, \$1.00 per pound; sirloin, 62 cents per pound; fore quarter beef, 22 cents per pound; cheese, 23 cents per pound; milk, 17 cents per pound; fat pork, 11 cents per pound; wheat flour, 4 cents per pound; corn meal, 2 cents per pound.

Vegetable foods are the cheapest. The flour barrel is the resort of poverty. The cheapest animal food adapted to general use is produced by the milk cow. Skimmed milk should be more generally consumed by poor people. Cheese takes the place of meats among the poor of Europe. Living more simply would make life less laborious, improve our physical condition and give larger room for intellectual and social development.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

A PLEASANT OUTING—NO. IV.

BY W. F. A.

The next morning, Sept. 15th, we left Thorndike in company with Mr. Perley, and rode in a circuitous route to Unity, crossing Sandy stream just before entering the village. This stream runs in a southeasterly direction through the town to Unity pond, and it is upon this water course the principal manufacturing are situated. Near this stream is a corn canning factory which presented a very lively scene the day we passed, scores of teams of all descriptions being hitched to the fences, where they were munching corn chowder, and dozens of merry huskers of both sexes filling baskets under long sheds. This factory is said to be run on systematic and economical methods, and demonstrating the fact that when so run it proves not only a benefit to the farmers, but a source of profit to the manufacturers. After a short call on Mrs. Clark, a daughter of Mr. Perley, we drove directly through the village, on the Bangor road, for about a mile, when we turned sharp to the left, where the road led through a field into a beautiful pine grove situated on a point of land projecting into Lake Winnecook, or Windemere. This grove, with considerable adjoining land, has been purchased by a company, and is now named Windemere Park, probably after a similarly large body of water in upper England, and which is noted not for its wild and rugged surroundings, but for the quiet beauty and varied picturesqueness of its shores. The grove, and portions of the field, have been staked out into lots, and the company have also erected a nice cottage and café and placed it in charge of a gentleman who knows how to cater to the wants of the inner man. We or three cottages have already been erected, and others are sure to follow, for it is one of those inland lakes which has irresistible charms for the man of wealth as well as to those of limited means, and who can enjoy only a few weeks' vacation. There was a notable gathering at this beautiful lake on Sept. 7th, called a Foster reunion, gotten up in honor of the Foster family, consisting of the Sprowls, Carters, Fowlers, Clarks, Perleys and others, and where, after enjoying the beauties of the grove and a ride on the lake in the gay little steamer, they all sat down to a most enjoyable dinner in the café, after which they

pledged themselves to meet annually so long as a Foster remained.

Returning to the house of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Clark, we partook of a sumptuous dinner and rested awhile, then harnessed up and resumed our journey, Mr. Perley accompanying us as far as the residence of Mr. Crosby Fowler, a prominent citizen and farmer of Unity, where we made a short call. We found Mr. Fowler in the cemetery near by placing a monument in memory of his father and mother, and in this cemetery there was pointed out to us 'Lo grave of a woman who lived to the advanced age of 104 years. And this leads me to remark that both Unity and Thorndike are noted for the longevity of their inhabitants, especially Thorndike, for it is recorded that in 1880 Ichabod Hunt lived to be 95, and Joseph Sayward to over 90, and since our return home Mr. Perley, in a letter, mentioned the death of a lady at the age of 80. So you see, if one would be happy and live long they must go to Unity or Thorndike.

Mr. Fowler's farm is about the first going north or northeast from Albion, and was one of two first cleared and occupied in Unity, and the first child born in the town was in his house. Mr. Fowler remembers well when everything that a family needed, either in food or clothing, was produced on the farm; when flax was raised, beaten and woven, and all the household linen made therefrom; and at his urgent request, and to our delight, Mr. Fowler brought down from a chamber a box containing cherished family relics. These were an elegant counterpoint or bed spread woven of fine linen, and nicely embroidered in blue, and then to match this, one after another the hangings to an old-fashioned bedstead, such as our fathers and mothers or grandparents slept in. These fine pieces of home-made workmanship had been in the family 100 years, and yet were as fresh and beautiful as though but a week old.

Mr. Fowler is a fore-handed, well-to-do farmer, and has a house elegantly furnished; but I could not help thinking, is he or his charming wife any happier than the dear old lady who wrought all this work with her patient hands? We have so many more things to make us contented and happy; but are we?

And now we part, our aged and honored friend to return to his home, five miles distant, and we for Albion, which we soon reach, and where we are welcomed by the sons and daughter of Mr. Otis Meader, he and his wife not having returned from Waterville, where they had been to attend a Grange meeting, and listen to National Master Col. J. H. Brigham. They got back before seven o'clock, when by invitation, and in company with them, we attended a special meeting of their Grange at the village, where they have a fine hall, and one of the best places for housing teams and horses in the county. Albion Grange is one of the largest and best attended and conducted in the State. They are a live, prosperous and growing Grange, and have a good library. On this evening there were special exercises by the members, and a harvest



## Choice Miscellany.

## CHOLERA'S HOME.

## Arabia the Real Breeding Place of the Plague.

**Terrible Mortality Among the Many Pilgrims Who Year After Year Journey to the Holy Cities of Arabia.**

Shocking as are the statistics of mortality among pilgrims to Mecca recently reported in the New York Sun from Tunis, where of nine thousand who set out but half the number returned, the death rate of this year is but little greater than that of ordinary years. The health authorities of Bombay and other Indian cities have for some time been collecting facts and statistics to show that India does not deserve the ill reputation it has of being "the endemic home of cholera," but that Arabia is the home of the plague, and they are preparing to make strenuous efforts to arouse the Arabian authorities and convince them of the fact, and to have them apply a remedy. Some of the statistics printed in the Bombay Gazette reveal a terrible state of affairs.

According to the official returns of the health officer of Bombay, of ninety-one thousand pilgrims who left that city for Mecca during the past eight years only sixty thousand have come back. Thirty pilgrims in every hundred have perished in every year of that period, and very many of those who survived to return home have come back only to die of disease contracted on the pilgrimage. The facts adduced go to prove that the pilgrims do not carry disease with them from India. There is a rigid inspection of Bombay before embarkation, and every pilgrim is required to pass a medical examination, to undergo a certain quarantining process, and to possess a certificate of good health. The mortality on the voyage from Bombay to Arabia is very small. It is after the pilgrims have entered the holy cities, and during the return, that the mortality is great.

A record is kept by the British consul at Jeddah of the number of pilgrims arriving at and departing from that port, with such particulars as will insure general identification. The figures of this record fully corroborate those of the Bombay officials. An average estimate of a mortality of one-third among the Indian pilgrims in each year, when there is no general epidemic of cholera, is clearly established, and the belief is expressed, founded on such corroborative statistics as are obtainable, that fully one-third of all pilgrims to Mecca perish in every year.

The Indian officials assert that the cholera plagues which periodically sweep around the world have their origin in the fifth of Mecca and Medina. There is a great scarcity of water in these places, and the quality of the little obtainable is bad. The famous Holy Well at Mecca offers the most complete conditions for spreading disease. It ordinarily contains but little water. One of the most essential devotions in the pilgrimage is to bathe in and drink of the water from this well, and its brackish is always crowded with pilgrims, some drawing it with gourd and pouring it over their persons, others dipping it up in cups and gourd and drinking it. The water used for bathing runs directly back into the well, and thus diseases are directly spread.

The authorities do for a time this year close up the well. Drainage in the city there is little or none, and the most ordinary sanitary precautions are utterly disregarded by the choked crowds of pilgrims. Not alone cholera is thus bred and spread, but the holy cities are hotbeds of smallpox and other like terrible diseases. The same conditions are true of Elor, Jeddah, and Camaran, and the Indian health officials will, for the protection of their people as well as for the sake of the country's reputation, make strong endeavors to induce the authorities of the holy places of pilgrimage to take an interest in drainage and general sanitation; to have more scavengers even if they have to have fewer priests. They think that the western nations might profitably take an interest in the condition of things in Arabia, and the result of their investigations will be offered in the hope that steps will be taken to crush out the cholera plague in what they assume to prove is its real endemic home.

## WHAT A MAN IS WORTH.

## One of the Chemical Compounds of an Average Voter Valued at \$18,300.

An interesting exhibit at the national museum shows the chemical ingredients which go to make up the average man weighing 154 pounds, says the American Analyst. Divided up into its primary chemical elements the man is found to contain 97 pounds of oxygen—enough to take up, under ordinary atmospheric pressure, the space of a room 10 feet long, 10 feet wide and 10 feet high. His body also holds 15 pounds of hydrogen, which, under the same conditions, would occupy somewhat more than two such rooms as that described. To these must be added 3 pounds and 13 ounces of nitrogen. The carbon in the corpus of the individual referred to is represented by a foot cube of coal. It ought to be a diamond of the same size, because the stone is pure carbon, but the National museum has not such a diamond in its possession. A row of bottles contain the other elements going to make up the man. These are 4 ounces of chlorine, 3 1/2 ounces of fluorine, 8 ounces of phosphorus, 3 1/2 ounces of bromine, 2 1/2 ounces of sodium, 3 1/2 ounces of potassium, one-tenth of an ounce of iron, 2 ounces of magnesium, 8 and 8 pounds and 13 ounces of calcium. At present market rates, is worth \$800 an ounce, so that the amount of it contained in one human body has a money value of \$18,300. Some of our fellow citizens realize that worth is more than intrinsically.

## Naming Hindu Babies.

A Hindu baby is named when it is twelve days old and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given the child.

The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament and three times in the New.

## MAKING OF SILK LACE.

## Raw Silk Traced From Producer to Consumer.

Nottingham, England, goes the credit for having placed window curtains within the reach of the masses. As a matter of fact, Nottingham is entirely innocent in the premises and the only connection between the two lies in the fact that Nottingham, being the home of the English lace industry, has been adopted as an appropriate name to be given to the output of our cotton lace manufacturers. What Nottingham is to England and Calais and Candre to France, Brooklyn stands to the United States—the home or head center of the lace industry.

To follow a thread of silk from its raw state, through its course of preparation to be worked up into delicate lace by the marvelously ingenious machinery, is an exceedingly interesting occupation. The silk is received in this country in bales shipped from Italy, China and Japan. It is in skeins in the raw state, either greenish white or yellow in color. The finest silks come from Italy. The thread is like a hair and is as long as the skein. The first operation is to throw it, or in other words bring as many threads together as may be required in very fine or heavier fabrics. When the thread is of the desired thickness it is boiled to remove the gum which is natural to it, and when dry it is wound on spools. This is done by machines of from sixty to ninety spools each.

The spools are then put on a jack, or frames of pins, on which they revolve and from which the silk is fed on a drum or warping mill through brass plates more or less perforated with holes, according to the number of threads to be placed in the warp. An ingenious device registers the yards as they run on the drum, so that when the desired length has been wound the machine is stopped. The warps vary in width according to the work in which they are to be used. The next operation is to run the warps on the warp beams. These beams are steel rollers of various thickness and width, running as high as 14 inches. Transferring the warp from the drum to the beam is a repetition of the operation from the spool, to the drum. To every machine there is a main warp which forms the ground work of the pattern, supplemented by several auxiliary warps of various size threads, with which the pattern is perfected.

The main warp may be several thousand yards long while the auxiliary warps are shorter and are replaced from time to time. When the skein is wound on the spools part of it goes in another direction, where the silk is run from the spools on to bobbins. The bobbins are the instruments that in lace-making form the design of the pattern by twisting around the warp threads. At this stage the machine is armed with the material ready to be worked up. And this is the point at which art enters. A corps of draughtsmen are employed making new designs and laying out the work. The design being acceptable, a draughtsman's pattern is drawn to scale, one copy of which goes to the operator on the machine who threads it accordingly by running the threads from the warp beams which set at the bottom of the machine through a sleigh cloth and perforated steel bars and fastened on the roller at the top.

This operation is of the most exacting character and the greatest care must be exercised, as the misplacing of a single thread will bring disaster to the most elaborate and carefully worked out design. Each thread is handled separately and many hours are required to thread a machine of 154 inches in width. Within that space the pattern is repeated as many times as the width will allow, so that when the work is taken up of the machine as many as thirty strips may be found. Another copy of the draughtsman's pattern is sent to the Jacquard puncher, or what may be called a piano machine, where the pattern is punched on heavy cardboard on the same principle as the music rolls of an orchestra, but with the difference that each piece of card (called a card) contains the design of a single movement of the lace machine. If there are three hundred stitches in a pattern there will be three hundred of these cards strung together. The machine being threaded the cards are adjusted to the Jacquard attachment, without which lace might better be made by hand. The design cards operate by dropping the attachment bars, through which the threads pass and weave the pattern, each movement being complete and perfect. On a machine 154 inches in width as many as 10,000 threads are used. The description of the working of one machine covers all. When the desired length has been run off it goes to the examining room where the bobbins are taken and it picks up any flaw that may be found, after which it goes to the dye house to assume any color that may be chosen. From thence it is taken to the finishing room, where it is washed in a prepared bath and then stretched on drying frames in rooms kept at a temperature of 100 degrees. It now remains its last stage preparatory to going into the world—the carding room—where the draw threads between the strips are pulled out and the strips wound on cards, and then—the milliner.—Brooklyn Eagle.

That awful Indian bugaboo, the "witched tree of Calcutta," stands on the Stanley road, a few miles out from Calcutta, India. It is not a botanical freak of the "cannibal" or "bloodsucking" variety, neither is it a tree which exhales poisonous vapors or other deadly elements—it is simply a species of churral which the natives and not a few of the English residents believe to be bewitched. Away back in the sixteenth century Serega Dowlah and twenty-two of his men camped under it about two o'clock one morning, and at daylight all but two were dead. One of the survivors related a chilling story of what he saw and did of the days of his life, and the other died a terrible death within the month of a terrible eruption that swelled his body out of all proportions. In the seventeenth century the tree claimed a score or more of victims. The last victim was a servant of Mr. Kemp, of the British department. He took refuge under the cursed tree to escape a storm. A sowar, or mounted policeman, tried to rescue the servant, but the two men and horse were found dead next day. Since 1860 five persons have been struck by lightning within 100 feet of the "witched tree."

—Toddles (looking at a live lobster). —"Mamma, if a lobster had the headache he'd be awfully sick, wouldn't he?"—Harper's Young People.

## HAD NO LUCK AT ALL.

## Even Ethel's Most Clever Ruses Had a Sad Result.

"Well, Ethel dear," said her friend, "how are you getting along with that awfully handsome college friend who is visiting your brother?"

"Not at all," was the frank reply; "I've let him see that Will is desperately in love with me, though I don't care a fig for him. I've made his favorite salad twice, and quoted from his class-day oration, but it's no use."

"Oh, well, perhaps he's engaged?"

"Oh, no, he isn't or he would have shown me her photograph and offered States in a patronizing way to be my friend! As it is he scarcely seems to see me."

"And that is a great deal worse than being engaged."

"Indeed it is. Why, if he was engaged we could exchange confidences, and I could lament, with a glance at him, that I had no heart to give Will. Then on parting we could have a perfectly lovely scene of eternal farewell."

"So you would, Minnie says she misses Tom awfully since he was married. You see, he was awfully handsome, but hadn't a penny; still, as he was engaged, he was perfectly safe and she could try all her new tricks on him."

"Of course. And even if he was in earnest and became troublesome she could say that she would never, never accept a second love, or else they must part and not break the other girl's heart."

"Very true. And how furious the other girl would be!"

"Wouldn't she?" But, oh, Milly, I haven't told you the perfectly awful thing that happened the other evening!"

"Of course you haven't, you mean, close thing—but do tell me now."

"Oh, it is nearly too awful to tell!"

"No tell me—I haven't a bit of curiosity, as you know, but I know what a relief it is to tell somebody when a thing is really too bad to speak about."

"So it is. Now, when Stella's lovely long curl came in in Dick's hand while he was twisting it around his finger she said she hadn't a moment's peace until she came over to tell me about it."

"Yes, indeed. And when Mattie found that Nelson was engaged to both Ethel and herself she said she'd have died if she hadn't telegraphed me all about it at once."

"I know. Well, if I really must, I will tell you—"

"Yes, indeed, I—"

"Well, you know he and my brother were off on a yachting trip for several days."

"I know. My brother was one of the party and he said that your brother's friend was the only man he ever knew who could quote poetry when he was seasick."

"Yes. Well they got home in the dusk of the evening. I was alone, for Will had become offended two hours earlier than usual and gone home, and I—"

"Yes, yes—don't keep me in suspense."

"Well, I had on my lovely white empire gown, which falls in such long, classic lines, and, you know, I have been studying Delarte a long time and have learned to take the most fetching attitudes."

"Yes, but—"

"Well, when I heard them coming an idea suddenly occurred to me and I determined to make one last effort to awaken his interest. You know it is awfully easy to mistake people in the dusk of the evening."

"Well, I just reached out into the hall and flung my arms around one of them and kissed him."

"No! I had!"

"After all, I was always unbroken," she concluded with a sigh.—Chicago Sunday Post.

## HOPES WRECKED BY A BONE.

## He Would Have Proposed, But for an Accident.

"Yes," meditatively said the bachelor to the other man, "I would have been a pretty good fellow, and I might have been a pretty good fellow, but for this time if it had not been for the meddlesome intervention of a soup bone."

"Some months ago I was very much impressed with a little very-very girl in our office. She was bright, pretty, had a dainty figure, and wore such neat toilettes that half the men in the place were daft about her."

"I was too foolish to ask her if I might call on her and one night my late cigar I evolved a business method of settling my fate. I would go early to the office next morning—she was usually the first clerk down—I would send the porter out upon an errand, and then dictate a letter to her asking her to marry me."

"Wasn't that a brilliant scheme?"

"But it was not there, and did not come in until nine o'clock. Late in the day I heard her tell another girl what had detained her."

"The cook at her boarding-house had gone out to buy meat for breakfast; she entered the butcher shop just as the butcher, in anger, threw a soup-bone at his assistant, the cook intercepted the soup-bone, was felled senseless, and being unknown to the butcher was carried off to the hospital."

"The boarders waited for their breakfast, and my romantic intentions were chilled beyond resuscitation—so here I am, a dismal bachelor, the victim of a contemptible, mean, little five-cent soup-bone."—N. Y. Journal.

## It Had That Look.

"This note from the editor," said Spacery, "looks to me very much like a freeze-out."

"What does he say?" asked the office-boy.

"Hereafter he wants me to do yachting in winter, and skating contests in summer."—Puck.

Still Booming.

Eastern Man—How are things in Dugout City now?

Western Man—Booming, just booming. Why, I happened to want a little spending money last week, and it didn't take me half an hour to get a third mortgage on my house.—N. Y. Weekly.

He Wouldn't Kick.

"Don't your dancing classes disturb the man down stairs?"

"I suppose so," replied the professor. "But he isn't going to kick."

"How do you know?"

"He runs a shoe store."—Washington Star.

The End Is Near.

Wife—Oh, John, I don't think you will live much longer.

Frugal Husband (a sick man)—Has the doctor told you anything about my condition?

Wife—No, but he handed me his bill to-day.—Brooklyn Life.

## THE STARS AND STRIPES.

## How Our Great National Banner Came to Be.

The early history of our great flag is very interesting. It is a matter of record that during the early days of the revolution the colonists made use of flags of various devices.

It is nowadays generally accepted as a fact that the final idea of the Stars and Stripes as a national flag was borrowed from or suggested by the coat of arms of Gen. George Washington's family.

In the spring of 1777 congress appointed a committee "authorized to design a suitable flag for the nation." This committee seems to have consisted of Gen. George Washington and Robert Morris. They called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, of Philadelphia, and from a pencil-drawing by Mr. Washington engaged her to make a flag. "Betsy" Ross was a milliner whose principal customers were the Quaker ladies. She came from good colonial stock. The story goes that during this call at the little old building at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, Gen. Washington, after explaining his drawing to Betsy Ross, directed that the stars should be six-pointed ones. Mrs. Ross objected to this, and argued that the stars in the sky seemed to have but five points. Following her argument by a practical demonstration, she folded a piece of paper and with a single clip of the scissors cut out a perfect five-pointed star. This was too much for the committee, and without further argument Betsy Ross prevailed.

This flag, the first of a number she made, was cut out and completed in the back parlor of her little Arch street home.

It was the first legally-established emblem, and was adopted by congress June 14, 1777, under the act which provided for stripes alternately red and white, with a union of thirteen white stars in a field of blue. This act read as follows: "Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Words in those days were few—actions were rapid and spoke loudly. In May, 1777, congress made an order on the treasury to pay Mrs. Ross \$14 12s. 2d. for flags for the fleet in the Delaware river, for a contract to make all government flags.

Because of the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, the flag was changed by an act of January 18, 1795, which provided that after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States should consist of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars.

But in 1818 the flag was re-established as thirteen horizontal stripes, alternately red and white, the Union to consist of twenty stars, white in a blue field, one star to be added to the Union on the admission of every new state: such addition to be made on the Fourth day of July succeeding such admission. This flag went into effect July 4, 1818, and remains the present regulation national emblem of the United States of America.

Some description of the symbolism of the colors in the flag is not without interest.

Red is supposed to represent courage and Divine love; white, integrity of purpose, truth and purity; blue, steadfastness and loyalty.

The quaint two-and-a-half story dwelling on Arch street for more than two hundred years has withstood time and the elements, and though threatened with destruction from fire and modern building innovation, still stands an eloquent monument to Betsy Ross and to the American flag.

The very corner of this old house came over as ballast in the hold of the Welcome (William Penn's ship), and were placed in position under the supervision of William Penn himself.—St. Nicholas.

## Plain Statement.

Ex-Judge Duffy says that the only time he was guilty of making a bad break to a pretty woman was a couple of summers ago when he was stopping at Long Branch.

The lady approached him and asked: "Judge, how shall I have my new bonnet trimmed to be in concord with my face?"

"Plain," said the judge.

Later he tried to explain that he meant she was so beautiful that it was necessary for him to use the most conservative of millinery shops, but the lady was not to be appeased.—N. Y. Journal.

The Chronicle of the Drum begins much earlier than is thought for. The Chinese "Book of Rites"—and no one knows how old that is—not says that the wise men of ancient times made hand-drums and drums, the clay whistles, and the bamboo flute, and that these were the instruments that produced the virtuous airs of those sages. But another text, which preserves some ruler traditional gloss, made the first drums of clay, with drumsticks of the same. Considering the locus in quo and the likelihoods, we may perhaps conclude this earthenware was china. With these clay drums were played a reed pipe like the Punch-and-Judy man's, and certain "chaff pillows" which were struck so as to produce, doubtless, a sound of chaff, discouraging to further conjecture.

Those "awfully jolly" instruments—quote a so-called comic song not unknown to our legal case books—were followed (in the records) by the sound of stone of jade. There is a flat sounding stone still extant in Annam called a khanh (just our word gong, which is said to be Malay), or a tam-tam. It is ornamentally cut from a very fine-grained calcareous stone, on which drums were played a reed pipe like the Punch-and-Judy man's, and certain "chaff pillows" which were struck so as to produce, doubtless, a sound of chaff, discouraging to further conjecture.

Several of these khanhs are hung on a frame to form a sort of harmonica, and an archaic text puts into the mouth of an Emperor T'uan forty-one centuries ago this statement: "When I make the khanhs sound, the animals come around me and shiver with pleasure." "Shiver" is excellent, and clearly puts this particular orchestral horn concourse.—Saturday Review.

—Visitor—"Won't it soon be time for the concert?"

—Conductor—"No, Mr. Newtime—I am glad you mentioned it; I'll have Mr. Newtime get tickets for it right away."

—Inter Ocean.

## SANTO DOMINGO.

## How the Ancient City of Columbus Obtained Its Name.

Santo Domingo is the oldest city built by Europeans now standing in the western hemisphere. It was founded by the brother of Columbus, and is said by some to have been named after his father, Domingo, and by others to have received its name because it was on Sunday that the ship sent from the north arrived there—Santo Domingo meaning "holy Sunday." Curiously enough, its founding was the result of a quarrel.

On the northern shore of Hispaniola, as the island of Santo Domingo was then called, was Isabella, the first Spanish colony in the New World. There, one day, a young Spaniard named Miguel Diaz, one of the followers of Columbus, stabbed a companion in a fight; and, afraid of the anger of Columbus, he fled into the mountains and went toward the south. After wandering for some days he came to a river, and following it to where it emptied into the sea, found a tribe of Indians called the Ozamas. They had heard of the wonderful white men who had landed on their island, and they received him with awe, but with kindness and hospitality, and took him before their queen, Zamacoa, who was famous for her beauty and gentleness. He had not lived long with them when Zamacoa lost her heart to the fair-faced Spaniard, and they were married. For a time all went well, but Diaz soon tired of the simple life; and his wife, to please him, told him of gold to be found in the river Jayna, and guided him to it. Diaz then went back in haste to Isabella, knowing that the news of the discovery would secure his pardon—as it did. He guided his adventurous companions to the golden stream, and afterward to the mouth of the Ozama river. There Columbus chose the place for the town. It was begun in 1493, and it was called Santo Domingo.

The Spaniards ill-treated and made slaves of the simple Indians, and Zamacoa, seeing the evils she had brought upon her people, fled to the mountains and was never heard of afterward. The new city grew and prospered until the year 1502, when it was entirely destroyed by a frightful hurricane, and was rebuilt on the other bank of the river. There it stands to-day, not much changed from the Santo Domingo of four centuries ago.

It is very curious to go from one of our cities, with its new, bright, tall buildings and its broad streets alive with the hum and bustle of business, to this sleepy old Spanish town, where (on account of the earthquakes) the houses are rarely more than one story high, and are painted various colors—blue, green, and red, and where the narrow streets have sidewalks only three feet wide, and where nobody is ever in a hurry; and to remember, as one walks over the town, that those streets were once trodden by Pizarro, who gathered there the first money that enabled him to start on the expedition that conquered Peru; by Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; by Ponce de Leon, who discovered Florida; by Balboa, the first European who saw the Pacific Ocean; by Ojeda, who discovered Venezuela; and by Columbus himself, and his brothers and his son, and the companions of his voyages.—St. Nicholas.

## EARTH WORMS.

## Their Agency in Making the Soil Productive.

The worms know well that rapid heaving of the soil which betokens the approach of a mole to their burrow, and the moment they feel it rush wildly to the surface, prepared rather to face the worst than lark or blackbird may bring upon them than to await the onslaught of their most ruthless and bloodthirsty enemy. If you dig a pointed stick into the ground and shake the earth a little by moving it from side to side, you will find cities of worms hurry up to the surface at once, under the mistaken impression that the petty earthquake is some mole's doing. For the senses of earthworms are extremely keen and their perception of danger most acute and vivid.

A person unaccustomed to the ways of worms might wonder that enough of them can be found in the comparatively small tract of land which earthworms occupy as their own to satisfy the needs of so voracious a creature. But, as a matter of fact, the worm population of England is something incredibly high, to be numbered, not by millions, but by billions. Every field on our downs is far more thickly populated underground than London is on the surface; every meadow is as dense with teeming thousands of worms as Lancashire is with men or an anthill with emmets. The soil swarms with life.

Vinegar kills worms, and where a barrel of vinegar has been accidentally spilled upon the ground the surface is sometimes positively covered before long by a thick layer of wriggling creatures which have come up to die, as is the wont of their species. The abundance and ubiquity of the game explains the numbers and frequency of the holes in the ground. Every field is full of worms, and yet every field supports a whole village of them.

It is the entire drama of nature on a small scale underground—remorseless, self-centered, unfeeling as ever. Worms eat, and they are eaten, and because there are myriads and myriads of dead leaves for them to live upon. Almost every dead leaf that falls from tree or shrub or weed or herb, except in autumn (when the supply all at once immensely outruns the demand), they carry underground and bury or devour there. In doing so they create and keep up the layer of vegetable mold on the surface of the earth which alone makes plant life, and especially cultivation, possible.

Curious as it may seem, those where worms are most abundant, so far as they themselves are concerned, however, the worms eat only for their own appetite's sake, and never suspect that they are the friends of lordly man, whose fields and crops they thus unconsciously fertilize.—Cornhill Magazine.

## Plenty to Do.

He had just returned from a more or less fashionable resort where he had left his wife and daughters. Meeting one of his friends on the street, he exchanged greetings, and casually observed that he had that morning got back from—

"How is it up there?" asked the friend.

"First rate," was the reply.

"Not too hot?"

"Not for me; but my wife and daughters kept pretty busy."

"What did they do?"

"Oh, not doing much. I'll have Mr. Newtime get tickets for it right away."

## THE PRINCESS MURAT.

## An American Relative at the Court of Napoleon the Third.

The Princess Murat was the daughter of Col. Bird Willis and of Mary Lewis, who was a niece of George Washington. Had Prince Murat lived a few years longer he would have seen the restoration of the Bonapartes, which he had so long hoped for and expected. Louis Napoleon did not then forget his kind "cousin Kate," and when the Bonaparte family assembled in Paris, she was there also, and received by the emperor with all the honors of a princess of France. At the same time he bestowed upon her forty thousand dollars, and the privilege of using the royal livery, which she did during the remainder of her life. She was invited to dine with the emperor, and was conducted by the grand chamberlain to an elevated drawing room of guests had assembled. She did not know that she occupied the seat of honor until her name was called. "La Princesse Achille—La Princesse Achille Murat," whispered around the room. This in a measure embarrassed her.

When the cry of "L'Empereur!" announced the approach of Louis, who walked directly to her and, after a most cordial welcome, offered her his arm to escort her to the dinner table, her excitement was such that she laughingly said, she hardly knew how she came down the steps. Notwithstanding her usual ease of manner and familiarity with court etiquette, to feel that she was the observed of all observers mantled her cheeks with blushes.

At the state dinner she occupied the seat at the emperor's side which was always reserved for the empress, whose non-appearance, it was then presumed, was caused by indisposition. The ceremonies of the dinner being over, the emperor invited the princess to accompany him into the reception-room of the empress. To her surprise, she found the empress perfectly well, and warm in her reception of her "dear cousin Kate." In her eagerness to meet her, she tripped and nearly fell, when the emperor playfully remarked, "Ah, Eugenie, will you never remember that you are an empress?" She then said that she had presented herself from the table only to enable the emperor to show his cousin every possible respect and attention. All restraint was now put aside, and they laughed and talked about old times.

The emperor tried to persuade the princess to make her home in France, offering to fulfill his promise of giving her a chateau, and everything she wanted. But her love for her Florida home, added to the responsibility she felt as the mistress of two hundred slaves, bequeathed to her by her husband, caused her to decline his kind offer and to return to America. She brought with her many mementoes of her friends in the palace.—Matilda L. McConnell, in Century.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The oldest German university is that of Heidelberg, founded in 1386.

—Collegiate degrees were first conferred by the university of Paris in 1140.

—The first academy for the deaf and dumb was opened in Edinburgh in 1778.

—The greatest university is Oxford. It has twenty-one colleges and five halls.

—The first schools for the separate education of girls were founded during the Roman empire.

—The most ancient universities in Europe are those of Bologna, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris and Salamanca.

—In 1888 England and Wales had 68,782 registered teachers and 2,900,000 pupils; the school attendance was 8,615,000.

—The establishment of juvenile reformatory schools in Great Britain in 1859 caused in ten years a decrease of 58 per cent. in youthful crime.

—The first Hebrew schools are said to have been established after the Babylonian captivity, by rabbis, who received children over six years of age.

—The United States had last year 430 universities and colleges, with 8,472 professors and teachers, 124,684 students, and 4,342,903 volumes in their libraries.

—At Ocean Grove there have been making efforts to secure a new and improved seminary. The estimated cost is \$50,000, and of that \$35,000 have already been subscribed, the largest individual donation being that of \$5,000 by Mr. A. T. Fields, of Dobbs Ferry.

—The Vatican, the magnificent 4,000-roomed "prison" of the pope, shelters at present 1,037 persons, who all belong to the papal household. Of these 118 constitute the Swiss guard and 85 are papal police. The majority of these are of Catholic noble families.

—Of the 700 colporters in the employ of the British and Foreign Bible society, 30 are at work in Italy. During the year 1892 these workers disposed of 7,132 entire Bibles, 15,322 New Testaments and 140,103 other portions of the Bible, a total of 162,657 volumes. Besides the Evangelical book concern in Florence publishes and sells its own editions of the Italian Bible.

—Quirinal palace was the papal palace on Monte Cavallo, Quirinal hill, Rome. The present structure was begun by Gregory XIII, in 1574, and continued and enlarged by succeeding popes. The meeting of the conclave for the election of the pope takes place in the Quirinal palace, and from the balcony opening upon the Piazza di Monte Cavallo the name of the new pope is proclaimed to the people.

—During the past year the Waldensian mission congregations in Italy received additions of 220 adults and 653 catechumens. The total number of communicants is 4,737, who contribute for church purposes a total of 79,196 lire, of which some 30,672 lire were for the central treasury for the salaries of pastors, teachers and evangelists. On an average each adult member of the Waldensian churches contributed 16 lire, 70 centimes. The Waldensians have recently opened a new place of worship in Rome on the Via Merulana. During the week there is a gratis medical mission held in this hall for one hour a day.

## Ye Modern Hawkshaw.

Police Officer (New England town).—Any clues to that mysterious murder?

Detective—Yes, sir; I've arrested all the living members of the family.

Official—Glorious! What evidence have you?

Detective—When I accused them of the murder, some of 'em turned white, and some turned red. Now all we have to do is to find out which color means guilt.—N. Y. Weekly.

Police Officer (New England town).—Any clues to that mysterious murder?

Detective—Yes, sir; I've arrested all the living members of the family.











## Items of Maine News.

The President has appointed F. W. Roberts of Maine to be Consul at Barcelona, Spain.

Thursday night the store of F. M. Bartlett at Bryant's Pond was entered, about \$2 being secured. No goods were taken.

Three cattle owned by H. Kingston, J. Nesbitt and J. J. Danforth, were killed by falling from a ledge in a box in Ed. Bonner's potato field.

At a meeting of the directors of the Camden National Bank, H. L. Alden was elected President to fill the vacancy caused by the death of D. H. Bisbee.

Mrs. Lewis Greenleaf of South Presque Isle, who was very badly scalded shortly ago, is still in a very critical condition.

O. K. Cobb, a prominent citizen of West Buxton, a deacon in the Congregationalist church, died last week. He leaves a widow and three daughters.

Dogs have recently killed several sheep for the use of the Fairfield Central farm. At this business a cheap car can do considerable damage in a short time.

Work on a new fish hatchery under S. L. White's drug store, in Caribou, commenced Monday. The hatchery will have a capacity of 320,000 eggs.

These patents have been granted: Oliver P. Hix, Rockland, car brake; John A. Liddick, Portland, combination metal working machine.

Deer are encroaching upon civilization in Buckfield. Several have been seen in the fields near the village. Mr. Durbin, at East Branch farm, killed one in the Dr. Brigham orchard, Thursday.

Business at the sardine factories at West Pembroke has been a little slow during the past week owing to the scarcity of herring, only a few having been received.

Sunday morning, James Dugan was found dead in his bed at the Merchants' Hotel, Bangor, where he had boarded some time. His death was caused by heart trouble. His age was 60.

The York mills at Saco, employing nearly 4000 operatives, which have been shut down for three months, resumed operations Monday. There is a reduction in wages and hours.

The lease of the shoe factory building in Skowhegan, for a period of five years by the Skowhegan Manufacturing Co., to the Bloomfield Shoe Co., has been consummated.

The other day F. A. Curtis of Penhas shot the largest buck caribou ever seen in Aroostook. The animal had 24 prongs on his magnificent set of horns and his dressed weight was about 200 lbs.

Hugh Ross of Ross & Howell, extensive tow boat owners of Bangor, died Friday morning of neuritis of the heart, having been ill only a few hours. Mr. Ross was a well-known and highly esteemed citizen.

A new 40-horse-power boiler, weighing about 3 tons, is being placed in the basement of the Normal building, Farmington, for heating purposes, the old boiler being too small to do the work alone.

All the mills and factories of the south side of Skowhegan, excepting the one of the Skowhegan Manufacturing Co., have been shut down for some time longer, owing to the present low price of wood pulp.

William B. Elwell, a respected citizen of Farmington, died at his home on Saturday, aged about 70 years. He had been Supervisor of the Village Corporation and Chief of the Fire Department. He leaves a widow and three children.

At Bass Harbor, Monday, George Merritt was found dead in bed with a revolver lying on the floor. Merritt came from Aroostook, Saturday, to teach the high school, and board at Eben Clark's. He was shot through the head. That he committed suicide is the general belief.

Nov. 10, 1892, the business part of Camden was destroyed by fire at a loss of about a million of dollars. To-day 12 brick blocks, costing about \$170,000, are mostly completed, and a \$10,000 Methodist church has been erected outside of the burned district.

Capt. Weston Gregory of Rockland, died on Saturday of cancer of the tongue. He was a member of a family of maritime men and was well known in all parts of the Eastern coast. He last commanded the schooner Clara. He was a prominent Mason.

Saturday afternoon, the earthwork of the new aqueduct over the place of the Water Works Company of South Buxton, gave away, letting out 400,000 gallons of water. The damage is \$2000. This accident leaves the town without water for fire or domestic purposes.

The shoe factory at Belfast is still rushed with work, and is turning out 1,700 pairs of shoes each day, that being its full capacity. When the changes and improvements now in progress are completed the capacity will be increased to 2,000 pairs per day.

William Doak, who worked on the farm of John Tierney in Houlton was found dead Friday morning, in a field. A heavy stone was lying on his body and it is supposed it fell upon him while he was trying to raise it. He was about 40 years old.

Oliver Kneeland of Hollis, arrested for the robbery of Henry R. and Nathaniel Staples at Limerick, in September last, was brought before Trial Justice Moses A. Drew at Alfred, Tuesday. He waived examination, and was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury at the January term of the Supreme Judicial Court in default of bail, which was fixed at \$5000.

Silas S. Trufant of West Bath died, Sunday, after an illness of two days from heart trouble, at the age of 60 years. He was one of the leading farmers of that town, and a citizen of sterling qualities. He leaves a widow and four children, one, Miss Carrie, employed as a clerk in the Bath post office. Capt. David Trufant and Zina H. Trufant of Bath are brothers of the deceased.

Burglars broke into Mr. Caleb Morton's shop at North Windham, Saturday night. They gained entrance to the shop by breaking a light in the rear, pushing their hands through the broken square of glass and unfastening the fastener, pushing up the window and climbing in. The safe was opened without damage to the combination, which they must in some unknown manner have learned. They stole about a dozen watches, but obtained no cash.

Several days ago as Alfred Patterson living on the Dover road from Dover South Mills, was out in his pasture, a bear quietly walked out of the woods, started across the pasture to within a few rods of where Mr. P. stood, but on seeing him, he acted some surprised and made a hasty retreat back into the woods and out of sight. As Mr. Patterson had only a shotgun loaded for birds he deemed it proper to let him go as he came, unharmed. He says he has the largest bear he ever saw.

One evening last week Mrs. Caleb Gilchrist of Thomaston had an exciting experience. A picture in her sleeping room fell from the wall and smashed a glass lamp that sat beneath it on a table. The burning oil ran onto the carpet, immediately took fire. Mrs. Gilchrist took blankets from the bed and spread over the flames, but the

blankets took fire. She finally succeeded in putting out the blaze by rolling up the blankets. Her hands were somewhat burned.

A. W. Ward of Guilfordville, Mass., agent of the Masonic Insurance Company of Boston, with his assistant, Z. E. Hosmer of Camden, were held up by two men in black woods between Camden and Rockport, Monday night of last week, about eight o'clock, and ordered to give up money or life. It was so dark they could not see the men, but while waiting an electric car came around a bend in the road, and the would-be robbers hid in the woods and Ward and Hosmer drove off safely. Both were very heavy men, weighing each over two hundred.

Safe blowers operated on the safes at the Somerset railway station and Wm. Brackett's store, Norridgewood, at about two o'clock Friday morning. The explosion at the store of Wm. Brackett awoke parties at the Sawyer House opposite, who rushed out, but too late to get any definite clue to the burglars. In each case the door of the safe was bored and powder did the rest. They got nothing from the one at the station and from \$5 to \$8 dollars in change at Brackett's strong chest in the basement of the Brackett safe was uninjured.

The common iron safe, owned by Williams, Goodridge & Moore, at the grist mill in Canaan, was tapped last Saturday night by burglars. And torn to pieces by some explosive, and \$5 in silver taken. The money drawer was also forced open and a few cents found. E. E. Wheeler's blacksmith shop across the street was entered by taking out a window, and the tools taken from there were found next morning on the top of the ruined safe. Two bags containing meal were used to deaden the sound, and were badly scorched. The papers in the safe were scorched also.

Messrs. Savage & Son's shoe mill at the former site of the ironworks, in Pembroke, is kept busy and is running on full time to keep up with orders. The large quantity of wood that was got out by this concern last winter and for which there seemed but little prospect of their manufacturing at one time, is now growing less very rapidly, and little, if any, will be left in the yards at the close of the present season's business. Some little amount of wood is being pulled, washed and scoured by the firm, giving employment to about the usual number of hands.

The owners of the old pulp mill at Lincoln are laying out a considerable amount of money in the purchase of a new mill, which will be completed in the early part of the season, is now growing less very rapidly, and little, if any, will be left in the yards at the close of the present season's business. Some little amount of wood is being pulled, washed and scoured by the firm, giving employment to about the usual number of hands.

Another widely known lady, Mrs. N. J. Blair, of 73 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J., speaking in the same vein, says: "I have been suffering with pain in the back and head. I tried doctors, but found no relief. I was recommended to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I now sleep soundly and have no pain and am well, thanks to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy."

If you are a sufferer from disease it is plainly your own fault if you do not get cured. The cause of your ailment is in your blood, and the only way to cure it is by using Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which will certainly cure you. It is purely vegetable and harmless.

It is constantly prescribed and recommended by doctors. It is the discovery of a physician, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the famous and successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted without charge, personally or by letter.

## THE ENVY OF KINGS.

The Princes of the Earth May Envy the Poor.

Riches and Power Cannot Make Life Pleasant or Happy.

The True Way to Find Happiness for Those Who Have it Not.

Wealth does not make happiness. It does not make even comfort. Sickness blights everything. Kings and princes may envy the poor the blessing of good health. If you are in pain or suffering you cannot be happy. This is why the remarks of the well-known Harriet Robinson, of 74 Snell St., Fall River, Mass., have so much weight and are worthy of all attention. "I firmly believe," she said, "that I should not be living to-day if it had not been for Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Such awful pains in my head and back, my stomach, oh, it was so bad! I now am well and eat naturally. I have no pains or distress. Thanks to Dr. Greene's Nervura I am well again. It was over two years ago that I was cured, and no trace of the disease has returned."



HARRIET ROBINSON.

From a sinking vessel beset by sharks the crew of the Saigon was saved by the steamer Victoria, which brought them to this port, says the New York Herald. For miles the greedy sea-jacks followed the ill-fated Saigon, devouring the vessel's stores which were swept overboard, and lying in wait for the helpless crew. Even when aid was at hand the Saigon's men were almost prevented by the sharks from escaping from the wrecked and waterlogged vessel.

## MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

The Penobscot County Farmers' Club will meet at the building at Merrill's Mills, on Tuesday, November 14th, at which time officers will be elected. An instructive lecture will be given in connection with the club, and dinner will be served. An entertainment will be given in the afternoon. A large attendance is looked for.

Mr. S. C. Greenleaf of Presque Isle has in his spacious cellar 1075 barrels of Helbron and White Elephants, raised on 22 acres. He has in his barn 100 tons of hay, and grain that will thresh out nearly 2,000 bushels. Just take a pencil and reckon the sum total of value raised on one Aroostook farm.

Farmers are busy doing up the plowing. The practice of doing the plowing in the fall is becoming very general. It not only gets the work done, but the action of frost in pulverizing the soil is more effective on the upturned furrows; it kills the weeds and grass in earlier in the spring, and it is the early seeding that almost always brings the best crops.

Potatoes in Aroostook are \$1.15 to \$1.25 per barrel.

Mr. S. B. Drew of Parkman proposes to sell the hay and other crops produced on his farm, and keep it up to the present fertile condition by the use of fertilizers.

The York County Agricultural Society has voted to hold the next county fair on August 30th and 31st, and September 1st and 2nd, 1894.

## BRUNSWICK LOCALS.

The dwelling house of Mrs. Israel Simpson at Middle Bay, was destroyed by fire Wednesday afternoon. The house has been occupied for some years by Mrs. Simpson as a seaside boarding place. The house was built by her late husband, Mr. Simpson, and was valued at \$10,000. The fire was caused by a defective chimney. Part of the furniture in the house was also burned. There was an insurance of \$1000 on the house.

Three and one-half inches of rain fell in the two recent storms, causing quite a rise in the water of the Aroostook river, and interrupting the work at Simpson's. The mercury indicated 25° Wednesday morning, and ice one-fourth of an inch in thickness formed.

The railroad station in Topsham, heretofore known as "Jack Crossing," has been named Peleppot Falls. On the opposite side of the falls in Brunswick it was known as Simpson's falls. A dam has been erected there the past season, and a large pulp, paper mill and boarding house are in process of erection, besides a number of dwelling houses.

Willie Durgan, a 12-year-old boy, who had his feet crushed by being run over by the cars near the Maine Central depot two months ago, returned from the Portland hospital Tuesday. It was found necessary to amputate both feet above the ankle joint. A ball was given at the Town Hall, Thursday evening, for his benefit, and two hundred dollars realized by the sale of tickets. His schoolmates also contributed eighteen dollars. Previous to losing his feet he was errand boy at the telegraph station, and a general favorite with all who knew him.

The apple crop here has been very light, and all fall apples are badly infested by the new apple maggot. I usually raise from seventy-five to one hundred bushels of apples annually. This year the yield was ten bushels—six bushels of which grew on one Black Oxford tree grafted twelve years ago. The Black Oxford and Baldwin are the only apples I raise which are free from the new apple pest, and I have fifteen varieties in my orchard. I prize the Black Oxford above any other variety, as they keep sound till late in the spring, when apples bring a good price. And when the tree is heavily loaded with fruit it does not split down like the Hubbardston and some other varieties. The Black Oxford yields fruit only on alternate years, but I have succeeded in causing part of my trees to fruit on better years by cutting the blossoms from the first year they bloom. T. S. M.

A Deserved Compliment. The Magee Furnace Company has always aimed to produce the very best goods that skillful designers and careful workmen can turn out. That it has succeeded is shown by the fact that the Magee Furnaces and Ranges were awarded the highest prize and five medals at the World's Fair at Chicago.

In Consumption Angier's Petroleum Emulsion will do more than any other known remedy to relieve the cough, fever, night sweats, diarrhoea and other distressing symptoms, increase the appetite, strengthen and weight, and to restore the general health. It is practically tasteless, Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is pleasing, and far better medicinally.

Wisconsin has 8,707 women farmers.

## Funeral of the Murdered Mayor.

All that was mortal of Carter Harrison, the assassinated Mayor of Chicago, was borne to the grave on Wednesday. All night long there was a ceaseless procession on either side of the black casket in the corridor of City Hall.

Preparations for the removal of the body were commenced at 9 o'clock. The casket was lifted from the bier and the lid closed. On the top was placed the Maltese cross, with the inscription, "Father," and the pillow of Illies, with the name, "Papa," which were the tributes of the daughters and sons of the murdered man. In the meantime various societies and organizations whose representation in the parade had been accepted, were forming on the lake front and the streets adjacent thereto. At half-past nine, with heads uncovered and reverently bowed, the guard of honor passed down the steps. Behind them, borne by eight members of the police and fire department, came the casket. The heads of the thousands of spectators were bared as the casket was borne down the sidewalk and placed upon the funeral car, a large and magnificently decorated vehicle. At a signal from Chief Marshal Doyle the head of the procession moved.

A platoon of police led the way. The official order of the line included delegations from the police and fire department, State and city military companies, and detachments of United States troops. The funeral car was drawn by four horses. Following the car marched detachments from detachment, political, labor and other societies. Bringing up the rear was a line of carriages, containing citizens not affiliated with any of the societies preceding. It was one of the most imposing funeral processions ever witnessed in Chicago, and 50,000 mourners preceded or followed the casket, while a million people watched the procession.

It was nearly noon when the second division of the procession reached the Church of the Epiphany, where services were held. Then the casket was again borne from the church and the march to Graceland cemetery was commenced. At North avenue, about two miles distant, the foot portion of the procession disbanded and the mounted escorted and those in carriages continued on to Graceland cemetery where the remains were placed in the receiving vault.

Water Grave or Sharks. From a sinking vessel beset by sharks the crew of the Saigon was saved by the steamer Victoria, which brought them to this port, says the New York Herald. For miles the greedy sea-jacks followed the ill-fated Saigon, devouring the vessel's stores which were swept overboard, and lying in wait for the helpless crew. Even when aid was at hand the Saigon's men were almost prevented by the sharks from escaping from the wrecked and waterlogged vessel.

The Norwegian bark Saigon left Quebec on October 7, bound for Sunderland, Eng., with her deck heavily loaded with lumber. She was struck by a terrific hurricane on October 20 from the east northeast. The vessel turned before the storm and raced along under bare poles. Her deck load shifted and the vessel's seams sprung open, and when the pumps were sounded that afternoon there was a foot of water in the hold. She tried to leave to, but her rudder would not respond to the helm. She broached to. Tarpaulins were placed in the rigging and the bark at last felt the tempest.

She was thrown upon her beam ends on the night of October 24, and until daylight she lay upon her starboard side, with her lee rail eight feet under water. The crew hung to the weather rigging until there came a lull in the storm on the morning of the 25th. The rigging of the fore and main masts was cut away, and the two big spars were sent crashing by the board. The vessel partially righted and the crew could again walk the decks.

The hold was half full of water and the vessel was gradually sinking. As the sea broke and the water their eyes were opened to a new danger. A host of sharks surrounded the vessel. They had been attracted to the Saigon by the stores which had been washed overboard.

The bark was in the Gulf Stream, and the sharks had followed this warm ocean current to the higher latitudes. That evening the men looked long and steadily toward the west where they were fading. They never expected to see another dawn. Death was waiting for them in the sea in a twofold form. They hoisted a blue light in the mizen rigging, left the flag union down and gathered on the forecastle head to wait for the end.

The deck of the bark was almost awash when morning dawned, and there were sixteen feet of water in the hold. Almost on a level with them floated the green sea of the sharks. Suddenly on the horizon appeared the funnel of the steamer upon the port bow. Within a short time the Anchor line steamer Victoria hove in sight and came within two or three ship lengths of the sinking ship. A boat from the steamer came to the lee side of the Saigon, but the crew refused to jump, for the sharks lay basking underneath the boat, and if the men missed the boat that was the end. The Victoria's boat returned and one was launched from the Saigon. Six men from the bark then made their way to the steamer.

The Saigon and Victoria were now drifting closer together, and to avoid collision the steamer backed away and got into position again. The remaining six men were safely on board the steamer a half hour later. Nothing was saved from the bark.

The Victoria was from Mediterranean ports bound for New York. Captain Ellertsen, the master of the Saigon, and his crew will be sent home by the Norwegian Consul, to whom they reported.

## FIRES IN MAINE.

A big fire occurred in Portland Saturday evening at the large iron foundry of Daniel T. Kelly & Son, situated on Kennebec street. The flames had secured a good headway before the firemen reached the spot, and it required over an hour to subdue them. The loss is estimated at about \$5000.

At an early hour Thursday morning the farm buildings, cattle, farming tools and hay of Jerry Boynton of East Edgington, were destroyed by fire; incendiary, no insurance.

## GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

There will be a special meeting of Excelsior Pomona Grange No. 4, P. of H., held with North Jay Grange, Thursday, November 16th, at 10 o'clock A. M. W. W. Stetson of Auburn will be present and give a lecture on "Education for the Farmer." Remember the question to be discussed, and let every one come who can, that we may have an interesting and profitable meeting.

M. L. R. PURINGTON, Sec'y.

Victor Grange of Fairfield Centre held their annual anniversary supper, recently, and as usual had a profitable and pleasant gathering.

The next meeting of Kennebec County Grange will be held with Clinton Grange, Wednesday, Nov. 15th, at 10 A. M. The following is the programme arranged by the Lecturer: 1st, opening exercises. 2d, business. 3d, discussion of any subject which may be presented. 4th, P. M. singing by the choir. 2d, thirty minutes' entertainment by Clinton Grange. 3d, paper by Mrs. Ella Kennedy. 4th, paper, "Economy of Home-made Fertilizers," by S. C. Watson, followed by discussion.

O. MEADER, Sec'y.

## METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of October, 1893:

Lat. 44° 54' 28" N. Lon. 68° 40' 11" W. Altitude above the sea, 129 feet.

Mean temperature.....	1893.
Maximum.....	47.9
Minimum.....	74.0
Mean of warmest day.....	61.8
Mean of coldest day.....	30.8
Mean percentage of cloudiness.....	3.34 in.
Amount of rain in gauge.....	3.34 in.
Direction and Force of Winds.	
1893.—N. W. & W. 55; S. W. & S., 38; S. E. & E., 26; N. E. & N., 42.	
Mean height of barometer in inches.....	29.962
Maximum height of barometer in inches.....	30.094
Minimum height of barometer in inches.....	29.831
Mean humidity of the atmosphere.....	82

## Resolutions.

The following resolutions have been adopted by the school in District No. 4, Hiram:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, since our school last assembled, to permit a sudden accident to cause the death of our beloved schoolmate, Millard F. Kidron; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we thus give expression to our great sorrow and grief that we shall never meet him on earth again, but shall miss him more and more as we meet each day and fully realize our loss.

Resolved, That we recall with admiration his excellence of character, his kind, loving and unselfish heart, and that we will cherish the memory of these as long as we live.

Resolved, That we sympathize deeply with the parents, sisters and brothers in their great affliction.

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimony of sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family, and to the papers for publication.

BERTHA M. HUTCHINS, ANNE GOODWIN, FULTON E. BABE, CHARLES CLEMENS, CALVIN ROBBINS, Hiram, Oct. 2.

Mr. Chas. Brown of Georgetown, who thinks he has found a coal mine on his land, says he has been looking over the land and finds that there is coal in the soil and on the soil over an area of nearly two hundred acres. It is of the anthracite variety.

## Hood's Cures

More Than Satisfied.

That is the way the General Manager of a Portland firm talks out our fence to inquire a few days since. He has 20 miles of it in use. The Superintendent of another Road said at a convention of Superintendents in Chicago, that with 65 miles in use, he had no criticism to make.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

QUAKER CITY GRINDING MILL FOR CORN AND COBS. MEAL. Send for our best and return all orders.

A. W. STRAUB & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. and 51 N. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

100 Per Cent. Better The Physicians Surprised

"I feel that it is my duty to advertise Hood's Sarsaparilla, because of the great good it has done me and my wife. I was running down with Liver and Kidney

troubles and also Catarrh. I commenced with Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon saw that it was helping me very much. When I took two bottles I was so much better my wife began taking it. She had liver and kidney troubles even worse; had to give up housework altogether.

Completely Run Down Her blood seemed to run to water, and she looked more like a dead woman than a live one. Hood's Sarsaparilla built her right up, and cured all her troubles. One doctor said: "Mrs. Hulet, what have you been doing? You look 100 per cent. better."

"Well," she said, "I feel much better. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." WARD HULETT, Pawlet, Vermont.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver bile, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. BEECHAM'S PILLS (Tasteless—Effective!) FOR ALL BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Such as Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, and Female Ailments.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 45 Canal St.

Nerve Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People



## Make a Note

PETROLEUM is one of the oldest remedies known to man, and its medicinal virtues have been recognized in every age from the Pharaohs down. It has been rightly named NATURE'S HEALING OIL.

Angier's Petroleum Emulsion [Practically] Contains all the healing and antiseptic properties of this wonderful oil, and presents it in such a form that the weakest stomach can take it.

It is both food and medicine, and as such is far preferable to Cod Liver Oil. Cod Liver Oil is nauseating. Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is pleasant.

FREE our book "Health." How to get. ANCIER CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

ANGIER'S PETROLEUM TABLETS, for Coughs and Throat Irritations, 25c. ANGIER'S PETROLEUM SOAP, antiseptic and healing, for the toilet and skin, 25c.

What Is Animal Meal?

It is a clean, sweet combination of thoroughly cooked meat and bone, containing less than 5% water, and pulverized so finely that, mixed with the daily mash, it is the meat food for poultry kept in confinement.

It makes hens lay; It makes chickens grow. Enough for 10 hens 3 months, \$1. Four times as much for \$2.50.

Made ONLY by The BOWKER COMPANY, 43 Chatham Street, Boston, Mass.

A sick man's FRIEND in time of need, 64 doses for 35 cts. Ask for True "L. F." All dealers.

L. F. Atwood's Bitters

THE VIRTUE IS HERE

DR. D. F. ORDWAY'S PLASTER. It is not always so with every plaster as this is. You not only get the virtue, but you get the best and most complete part of the

DR. D. F. ORDWAY HAND-MADE PLASTERS are made under the Doctor's personal supervision. They are perfect and their curative powers are wonderful. They are made of the best materials and are without equal in the world. They are made of the best materials and are without equal in the world.

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Poetry.

THE HILLS OF HALLOWELL.

BY MATTHEW BAKER DUNN.  
A quiet city, half asleep,  
Clinging to the long slope of a hill,  
And seeming watch and ward to keep  
Above the river, and the sea below.  
While all around in verdure steep  
The fair, green hills of Hallowell.  
Oh, happy hills! O, pastures green!  
What morning dawns your slopes have known!  
What fairy visions I have seen  
When every hillside was a throne!  
Each path my childish feet knew well  
O'er those green hills of Hallowell.  
How light those springing footsteps trod!  
What joy thrilled in that pulsing heart!  
The world was then new-born of God,  
And sin and sorrow were no part.  
What scenes, what hopes your paths could tell  
Ye dear, lost hills of Hallowell!

My wayward feet may climb one day,  
The self-same slopes that once they trod,  
May linger on the rock-hewn way,  
Yet I shall find the world has changed,  
The thronging shades that used to dwell  
On those fair hills of Hallowell.  
Oh, when I read in Sacred Word,  
"Unto the hills will I ascend,"  
I see the way known to the Lord,  
Once more against the evening skies  
I hear the Sabbath bells ring clear,  
Across the hills of Hallowell.

I hear the glad, old hymns once more,  
Voices long silent in the lays,  
They echo from the viewless shore,  
Ah! Heaven needs no sweeter praise!  
Found memory wears a loving spell  
Round the dear hills of Hallowell.  
And now the changing, ceaseless days  
Rolling remorseless on, it seems  
Twine a new halo round those ways  
More sacred than my youth's dreams,  
For dear feet climb the hills I well—  
The sunset hills of Hallowell.

O, faltering feet! that were so strong,  
I know what heights you first have trod,  
Those quiet streets for you have long  
Been paths up to the hills of God;  
Steadfast in sun and shadow long,  
The hills of Hallowell.  
O, blessed hills! your rugged ways  
Grow fair with Heaven's sunset lights  
Ye throng with saints of other days,  
Serene on clouds that seem to rise,  
While soft the twilight breezes swirl  
O'er the dear hills of Hallowell.

WHEN NUTS ARE RIPE.

The frost king comes by stealth at night,  
Fainting the leaves in colors bright,  
With magic wand, in impenetrable  
He breathes upon the maple tree;  
O'er hickory, walnut and the oak,  
He sheds a variegated cloak.  
And as they their autumn hues display,  
His breath comes thick from chilly skies.  
The morning sun, in mild reproof,  
Sweeps from the fens and the roof  
The crystal frost of a mystic haze,  
He smiles upon each leaf and blade,  
And welcomes to his genial rays  
The friendship of a mystic haze.  
While voices from the hill and dell  
Echo clear as silver bell.

Glad, golden days! "Oh, mystic haze—  
And all the sweetening influence of  
Of ringing sun and childish mirth—  
The golden days of autumn fall—  
Ah, glory of an autumn day!  
Of earthly paradise a type.  
The frost-crowned woods, when nuts are ripe.

Our Story Teller.

FARMER GRAY'S CONVERSION.

BY WILLARD N. JENKINS.

"I never waste words," said Mr. Gray, "and I ain't goin' to waste no time. I reckon this is plain enough. She can't help knowin' what I mean." "I'm very sorry you wrote it so hard, father," faltered his pretty, fifteen-year-old daughter. "It will hurt her to the heart. She meant to say that two hundred dollars back."

"She did, eh? Then why didn't she? It's been sixteen months since I let her have it, and I ain't seen it yet. I wrote her three months ago that I wanted it, and she wrote back that she couldn't pay it. I say it's a clear case of cheating!"

Lizzie Gray stopped sewing, and wiped a surreptitious tear from her eyelid before she replied. "And yet, father, when Sister Mary borrowed that money she expected to pay it back, but you know that James has had a long illness, and their crops failed."

"Well, I never put it in the agreement to allow for sickness and crop failures, and it shouldn't have lent her the money, if it hadn't been for your talkin' and sniffin'. And now hear me, gal, not another dollar of your earnings shall they ever have, and I'll have to forgive her."

"Oh, don't say it, father, cried Lizzie, 'please don't. You'll be sorry some day when it's too late. What if Mary should die?'"

"Let her die, I say!" snapped the old man. "She's not fit to live, and he pounded the kitchen table with his fist, after a fashion that he had of wanting to pound something or somebody when he felt particularly vexed. But while he was thus engaged there came a knock at the door, and a telegram was handed in."

Henry Gray was a hard man, and loved money over well; but somewhere under the rough, outward crust there was an abiding affection for his children that only needed a sudden shock to arouse it. And when he read the words, "Mary died this morning. Come at once," a bitter anguish filled his heart, and he silently handing the dispatch to Lizzie he walked from the kitchen and shut himself up in the small bedroom, where years before death had made sunny visits. A great remorse made him faint and sick. What had he just said? Could it be possible that Mary was dead? Why hadn't he given her the two hundred dollars? Certainly he might have missed it. He had been unkind to his first-born child, and now it was too late to make reparation.

sister, vaguely wondering if her father were stricken with some sudden insanity. For answer, Lizzie drew the telegram from her pocket, and handed it to Mary.

"It's all a mistake," said the elder woman, glancing it over. "We have a neighbor, Mrs. Mary Cook, who died this morning. Her brother is living somewhere near your place, and his name is Gray—Henry Gray—your name, father. They carried the telegram to you." And so, with hysterical sobs and smiles and eager questions, they went in under the bower of roses and honey-suckle, and presently James came in from the field, and the story was told all over again.

And when Mary slipped out into the kitchen, Mr. Gray followed her, and she was folded in her father's arms again. It was as if she had been raised from the dead.

"My child," whispered the old man, "I ain't the best of fathers to ye. I shut my eyes and my heart, when it was my duty to help ye, but never mind about that money—I wouldn't take it if ye could pay it as well as not."

"How can I thank you, father," faltered Mary.

"Don't say anything about it, dear. I'm going to repair this old house, and fix things so ye'll be comfortable. James has had a hard time, and deserves help, if anybody ever did. I mean to be a good father to Lizzie, too. She shall have a pianer, and the books she has wanted so long. I've been cross and hateful, but God will help me to do right, I know."

When Saturday was over and Mr. and Mrs. Gray were alone by themselves in the clean kitchen, sitting beside the stove, Mrs. Franklin rose, went into her bedroom and brought out a bundle of clothes.

"I want you to look at these things, Jeremiah," she said, mildly.

"What are they?" said he.

"That is my best dress," she said. "Those are my best shoes. That is the only bonnet I've got in the world but my calico sun-bonnet, and that is my Sunday shawl."

She uttered the words quietly, and waited.

"Well?" said Mr. Franklin, still smiling.

"He said nothing. She gathered up the garments with a look of disdain, and plied them on a chair.

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STORY OF A LONG SLEEP.

And the Strange Disappearance of a Watermelon.

It was four o'clock on Sunday afternoon in the month of July. The air had been hot and sultry, but a light, cool breeze had sprung up, and occasional cirrus clouds overspread the sun, and for awhile subdued his fierceness. We were all out on the piazza as the coolest place we could find—my wife, my sister-in-law and I. The only sounds that broke the Sabbath stillness were the hum of an occasional vagrant bumblebee or the fragrant song of a mocking bird in a neighboring elm, who lazily trotted a stave of melody now and then as a sample of what he could do in the cool of the morning or after a light shower, when the conditions would be favorable to exertion.

"Annie," said I, "suppose to relieve the deadly dullness of the afternoon, that we go out and pull the big watermelon and send for Col. Pemberton's folks to come over and help us eat it."

"Is it ripe yet?" she inquired, sleepily, brushing away a troublesome fly that had impudently settled on her hair.

"Yes, I think so. I was out yesterday with Julius, and we thumped it and concluded it would be fully ripe by to-morrow or next day. But I think it is perfectly safe to pull it to-day."

"Well, if you're sure, dear, we'll go. But how can we get it up to the house? It's too big to tote."

"I'll step around to Julius' cabin and ask him to go down with the wheelbarrow and bring it up," I replied.

Julius was a slender, elderly colored man who worked on the plantation and lived in a small house on the place, a few rods from my own residence. His daughter was our cook, and other members of his family served us in different capacities.

As I turned the corner of the house I saw Julius coming up the lane. He began to limp and put his hand to his knee, and he was evidently in pain.

"Julius," I said, "we are going out to pull the big watermelon and we want you to take the wheelbarrow and go with us and bring it up to the house."

"Does yer reckon dat watermelon's ripe yet, sah?" said Julius. "Didn't 'pear ter me it went quite plunk enuff yesterday fer ter pull 'befor' ter-morrow."

"I think it is ripe enough, Julius."

"Mawin' it is a better time fer ter pull it, sah, w'en de night air an' de dew's on it off ter pull."

"Probably that's true enough, but we'll put it on ice and that will cool it, and I'm afraid if we leave it too long some one will steal it."

enny mo', ter he said he couldn't 'ford ter lose 'im."

"One mawin' Skundus didn't cum ter work. Day look fer 'im round der plantation, but dey couldn't find 'im, en befo' dey wuz gone er'ybody wuz sho dat Skundus had runned away."

"Cose dey wuz a great howdy do about it. Nobody didn't nebbur runned away from Marse Dugal' befo', en dey hadn't 'en a runaway nigger in der neighborhood for three or fo' years. De w'ite folks wuz all wuzked up, en dey wuz mo' ridin' er hosses en mo' hitchin' up er buggies d'n er little. Ole Marse Dugal' hed er lot er papers printed en stuck up on trees 'long de roads, en dey wuz sumpin' put in de newspapers—a free nigger put down on de Wint'oon road, de papers ter some er our han' tellin' all 'bout how high Skundus wuz, en w't kine er toef he had, en 'bout a skay he had on his lef' cheek, en how sleepy he wuz en off'n a reward er one hundred dollars fer whoeber 'd ketch 'im. But none of 'em ebber cotch 'im."

"One mawin' 'bout er month later who sh'd come walkin' out in de day wid his hoe on his shouder but Skundus, rubbin' his eyes ef he hadn't got waked up good yet."

"Dey wuz a great 'miration 'mong's de niggers, en somebody ran off ter de big house fer ter tell Marse Dugal'. Bimeby here come Marse Dugal' hissef, mawin' a hawin', a cussin' en gwine on like he gwine ter hurt somebody, but er'ybody w'ed lo' de fus' speccialer w'ed come 'long buyin' niggers fer ter take down ter Alabama. W'at yer mean by runnin' er way fum yer good, kin' mawin', yer good fer nuthin' wool-headed, black second'er?"

"Skundus looked at 'im ez ef he didn't understan'. 'Lard, Marse Dugal', 'I 'd done know w'at youer talkin' 'bout, I ain't runned away; I ain't be'n no nigger.'"

"'Whar yer ben fer de las' mont?' said Marse Dugal'. 'Tell me de truf, er I'll har yer tongue pulled out by de roots. I'll tar yer all ober yer en set yer on fish. I'll—I'll—' Marse Dugal' went on at a terrible rate, but er'ybody knowed Marse Dugal's bark uz wuzn't his bite."

"Skundus look back 'e wuz alwared most ter def fer ter heah Marse Dugal' gwine on dat er way, en he couldn't 'pear to un'erstan' w'at Marse Dugal' was talkin' erbout."

"'I didn't mean no harm by sleepin' in de barn las' night, Marse Dugal', 'e 'en yer'll let me off dis time I won't nebbur do no mo'.'"

"'Well, ter me a long story sho't, Skundus said he had gone ter de barn dat Sunday afternoon befo' de Monday w'en he couldn't be foun' fer ter hunt agin, en wiles he wuz up dere de day 'peared so sof' en nice dat he had laid down ter take little nap; dat it wuz mawin' w'en he woke en foun' hissef' all covered up whar de hay had fell over on 'im. A hen had built a nest 'right on top 'n 'im, en it had half a dozen agin in it. He said he hadn't stop fer ter git no breakfast, but said jus' suck one or two er der agin en hurried right straight out in de fiel' fer he seed it wuz late en all de res' er de han' wuz gone ter work."

"'You'er a liar,' said Marse Dugal'. 'De truf ain't in yer. Yer ben runnin' er hid in de swamp some whar er cruder.' But Skundus awo' up en down dat he hadn't ben out'n der barn, en finally Marse Dugal' went up to de house, en Skundus went on wid his wuk."

"'Well, yer mought know dey was a great 'miration in de neighborhood, Marse Dugal' sent fer Skundus ter cum up ter de big house nex' day, en Skundus went up 'spect'n' fer ter ketch forty. But w'en he got dere Marse Dugal' had fetched up ole Dr. Leach fum down on Rockfish en another young doctor fum town, en dey looked at Skundus' eyes, en felt of his w'ris, en pulled out his tongue, en he bin in de chills, en put dere yeals ter his side fer ter heah his heart beat, en dey dey up'n made Skundus tell how he felt w'en 'e w'oke up. Dey staid ter dinner, en w'n dey got tho' talkin' en 'satin' er drinkin' dey telled Marse Dugal' Skundus had been a catcornered fit en had ben in a trance for fo' weeks."

"'Dis yer boy, Tom,' said the old man, straightening out his loz care, fully preparatory to getting up, 'is jes' like his granddaddy. I b'lieve ef somebody didn't wake 'im up he'd sleep till judgmen' day. Heah 'e comes now. Come on heah wid dat wheelbarrow, yer lazy, good fer nuthin' rascal.'"

Tom came slowly round the house with the wheelbarrow and I stood blinking, rolling his eyes as if he had just emerged from a sound sleep and was not yet half awake.

A Woman Fights with an Eagle.

Mary Van Buskirk of Gulf Summit, near Deposit, N. Y., had a fierce encounter with an eagle, several days ago, which she was trying to scare away from her hen yard. She killed the bird, but will carry the marks of the battle to her dying day.

Hearing a commotion in the hen yard while she was in the house, she ran out and saw the eagle about to swoop down upon her fowls. Just as the eagle seized a hen, the intrepid woman ran right up to the big bird of prey and tried to scare it away.

Instead of flying away, the eagle dropped the hen and attacked the woman, sinking his talons deep into one of her arms. She attempted to make the eagle let go, but he had no notion of letting go. The more the woman struggled to free herself, the tighter the bird hung on, all the while beating the woman with his wings, and striking at her face with his sharp beak.

At length Mrs. Van Buskirk spied a hatchet on the ground near where she stood. Getting hold of it she used it vigorously and with good effect, and presently the eagle fell dead at her feet. The woman was so weak from her tremendous exertions and the excitement, that she could barely walk to the house.

The eagle measured 5½ feet from tip to tip of its wings. One of the largest bald eagles ever seen in that vicinity was shot a few days ago at Beaverkill, N. Y., by Alfred Owens. The bird's wing was broken by the shot. After he fell to the ground, he gave fierce battle to the dog which attacked it, and almost tore him to pieces. He also attacked Owens with his claws, and tore the front of his coat to shreds before he gave up the fight.

The eagle measured from tip to tip of the wings, 8 feet, 4½ inches. One of the claws, when extended, measured 7 inches across. The bird will be stuffed.

The Worcester Spy seems to be entitled to one of John Boyd Thatcher's diplomas for the best World's fair story:

School had opened after the summer vacation, and the teachers were questioning the little boys and girls about what they had been doing in the way of recreation. Suddenly up spoke Johnnie Jones:

"My mamma and papa went to the World's fair."

"What did they bring you home, Johnnie?" queried the teacher.

"A souvenir spoon, marm."

"Did it have any words on it?"

"Yes'm, 'For a good boy.'"

FINE

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It is unfortunate, but true, that hardly a man can be found who can speak of a horse without mentioning as its chief claim to notice, the rate of speed or the record won. Men who are breeding larger classes have become infected with the idea, and in praising their stock tell how fast they can trot.

JACK WINAR.....	2.25
JUDGE ADVOCATE, by Messenger Durco.	
<i>Catherine H.</i> .....	2.27½
<i>Hortense</i> .....	2.19½
<i>Rea</i> .....	2.27½
JACK MORRILL.....	
Adelaide M.....	2.30
LAWRENCE 2.25½, by Dr. Franklin.	
Headlight.....	2.27½
LOCOMOTIVE, by Gen. KNOX.	
Helen S., dam by Edmund's Knox	2.28½

deal with the question from the specialist's standpoint, but this line of work is not applicable to the farm and to the practical issue the *Farmer* stands committed. Knowing, by many years experience, that there is a large measure of profit in the making of eggs for the market, the effort will be continued to assist all who read this column to the

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

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to be absolutely true. High concentrations, in quantities of 100 to 200 mg per acre, will kill no other plants but will kill everything on earth. High concentrations, in quantities of 100 to 200 mg per acre, will kill no other plants but will kill everything on earth.

Having prented her second account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance, also petition to amend and re-form her first account.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of November next, in the Maine Free Press, a newspaper printed at Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

G. T. STIVERS, Judge.

Attos: HOWARD OWEN, Register 51



